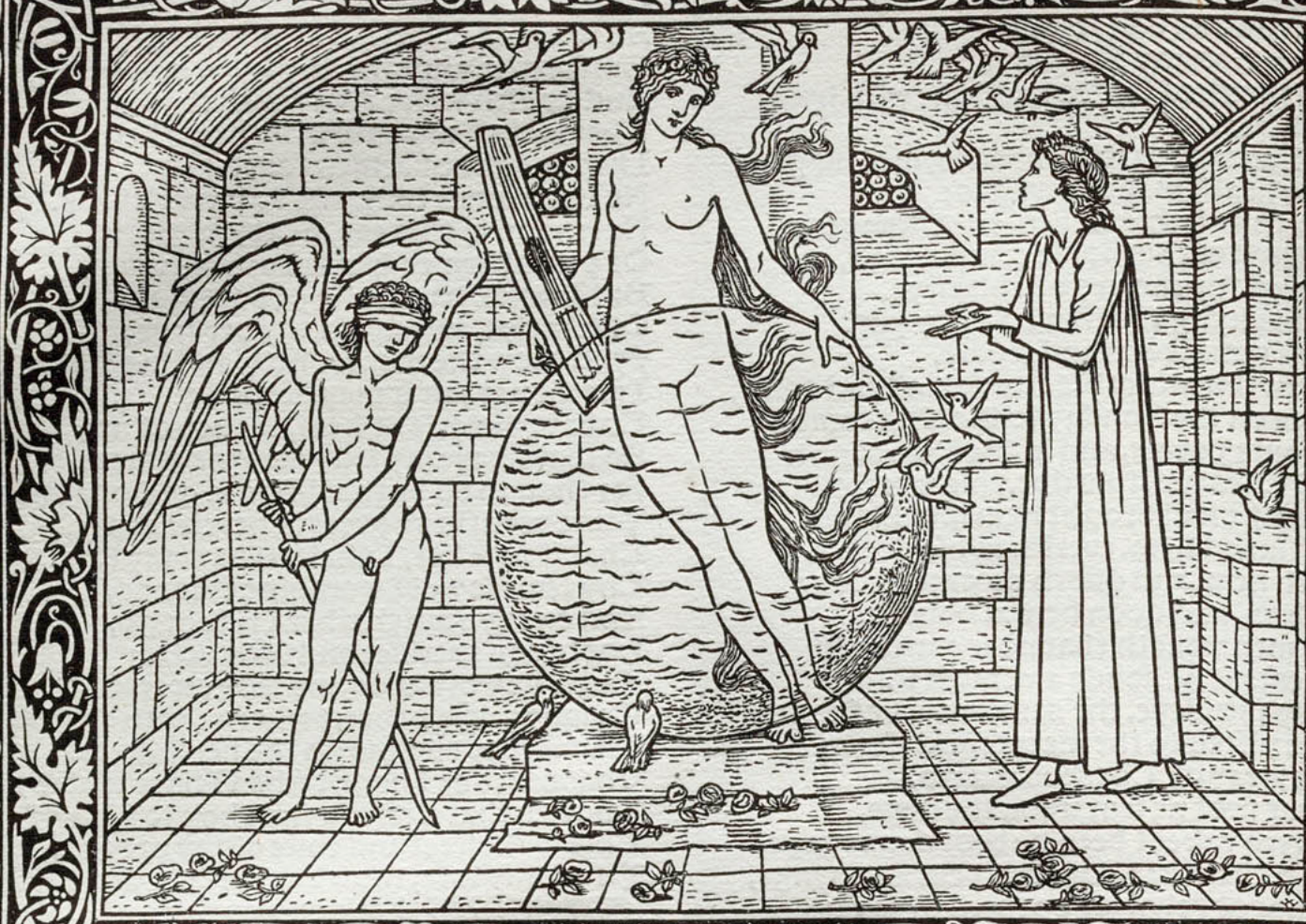




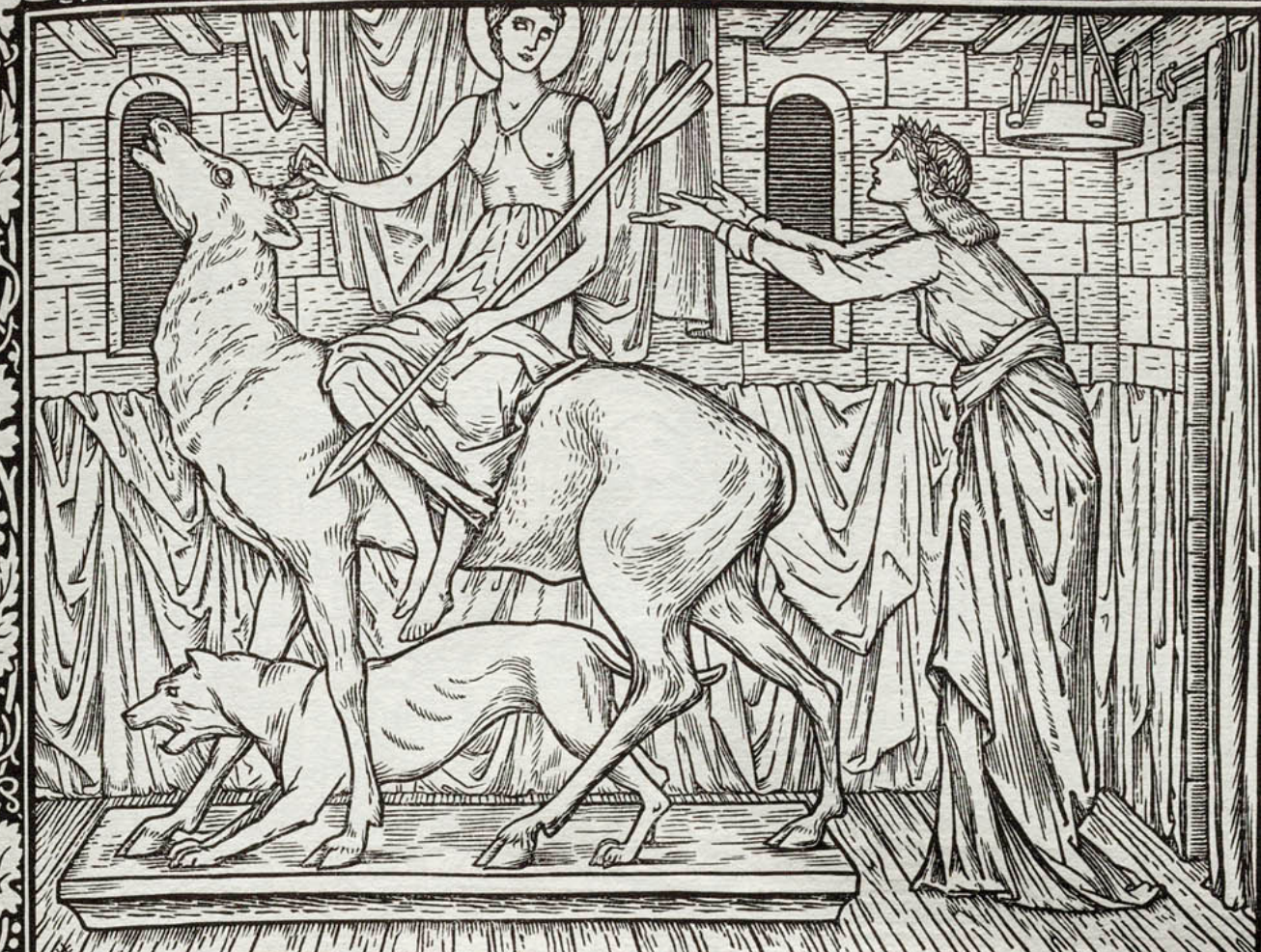
Two fyres on the auter gan she beete,
And dide hir thynges, as men may biholde
In Stace of Thebes, and thise bookes olde.
Whan kyndled was the fyr, with pitous cheere,
Unto Dyane she spak, as ye may heere.

CHASTE goddesses of
the wodes grene,
To whom bothe hevene
and erthe & see is sene,
Queene of the regne of
Pluto derk and lowe,
Goddesses of maydens,
that myn herte hast
knowe

ful many a yeer, and
woost what I desire,
As keepe me fro thy vengeance and thyn ire,
That Attheon aboughte cruelly.
Chaste goddesses, wel wostow that I
Desire to ben a mayden al my lyf,
Ne nevere wol I be no love, ne wyf.
I am, thou woost, yet of thy compaignye
A mayde, and love huntynge and venerye,
And for to walken in the wodes wilde,
And noght to ben a wyf and be with childe;
Noght wol I knowe the compaignye of man.
Now helpe me, lady, sith ye may and kan,
for tho thre formes that thou hast in thee.

And Palamon, that hast swich love to me,
And eek Arcite, that loveth me so soore,
This grace I preye thee withoute moore,
As sende love and pees bitwixe hem two,
And fro me turne away hir hertes so,
That al hire boote love and hir desir,
And al hir bisy torment and hir fir,
Be queynt, or turned in another place.
And if so be thou wolt do me no grace,
Or if my destynce be shapen so
That I shal nedes have oon of hem two,
As sende me hym that moost desireth me.
Bihoold, goddesses of clene chastitee,
The bitre teeres that on my chekes falle.
Syn thou art mayde, and keper of us alle,
My maydenhede thou kepe and wel conserve,
And whil I lyve a mayde, I wol thee serve.

THIS fires brenne upon the auter cleere
Whil Emelye was thus in hir preyere;
But sodeynly she saugh a sighte
queynte,
for right anon, oon of the fyres queynte
And quyked agayn, and after that, anon
That oother fyr was queynt, and al agon.
And as it queynte it made a whistelynge,
As doon thise wete brondes in hir brennyng.
And at the brondes ende out ran anon
As it were bloody dropes many oon;



for which so soore agast was Emelye,
That she was wel ny mad, and gan to crye,
for she ne wiste what it signified;
But only for the feere thus hath she cried,
And wepe, that it was pitee for to heere.
And therewithal Dyane gan appeere,
With bowe in honde, right as an hunteresse.
And seyde, Doghter, stynt thyn hevynesse.
Among the goddesses hye it is affirmed,
And by eterne word writt and conformed,
Thou shalt ben wedded unto oon of tho
That han for thee so muchel care and wo;
But unto which of hem I may nat telle.
farwel, for I ne may no lenger dwelle.
The fires whiche that on myn auter brenne
Shulle thee declaren, er that thou go henne,
Thyn aventure of love, as in this caas.

AND with that word the arwes in the caas
Of the goddesses clateren faste & ryng,
And forth she wente, and made a van-
ysshynge;
for which this Emelye astoned was,
And seyde, What amounteth this, alas!
I putte me in thy proteccioun,
Dyane, and in thy disposicioun.
And hoom she goth anon the nexte weye.
This is the effect, ther is namore to seye.

THIS nexte houre of Mars folwyng this,
Arcite unto the temple walked is
Of fierse Mars, to doon his sacrificise,
With alle the rytes of his payen wyse.
With pitous herte and heigh devocioun,
Right thus to Mars he seyde his orisoun:

O STRONGE god, that
in the regnes colde
Of Trace honoured art
and lord yholde,
And hast in every regne
and every lond
Of armes al the brydel
in thyn hond,
And hem fortunest as
thee lyst devyse,

Accepte of me my pitous sacrificise.
If so be that my youthe may deserve,
And that my myght be worthy for to serve
Thy godhede, that I may been oon of thyne,
Thanne preye I thee to rewe upon my pyne,
for thilke peyne, and thilke boote fir,
In which thou whilom brendest for desir,
Whan that thou usedeste the beautee
Of faire, yonge, fresshe Venus free,
And haddest hire in armes at thy wille,
Althoug theee ones on a tyme mysfille,